



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

[For the American Art Journal.]
SUMMER DAYS AND DREAMS.

Close under the low brown eaves of this mountain cottage, are the two tiny windows through which I see the stars at night, and the blue morning heaven when I awake from my night-dreams. Through those little windows I have watched the purple falling of many a twilight, the rising of many an evening star, and early and late, by moonlight and pale starlight, I have seen the circling hills in their robes of mist and sunshine. The brown caves are dripping as I write, and the heavy rain falls wearily. Over the hills trails a mantle of dim gray cloud and vapor, and the distance is blotted out in mist, through which a few pale shadows of trees loom spectre-like. A stray sunbeam trembles out now and then, and a tiny fleck of blue, but the mists close over it again, and wrap us once more relentlessly in their chill mantle. No walk for us to-day—and Bessie opens her paint-box, and I return to the papers and the pen, and the unfinished tasks, and labors half begun, that follow me even to bonny Berkshire. But the pen will drop now and then, and in the pauses I must look away to those gray cloudy hills. They are very dim and far away; they seem farther than ever, and unapproachable, through the rifts in that ragged mist. And yet I have climbed the green slopes that look so smooth and fair, and found them wild and rugged, and steep as the road to Fame is said and sung. Where the clouds rest now, on those dim peaks, I have felt the strong winds blow fresh and cool, as I stood high up in the sunshine, on the bare plain where no tree will grow, and no shrub flourishes. They have quaint names enough, our mountains—Bear Mountain, and Race, and Sunset Hill, and Alandor, and last but not least, the Dome—the grand dome that rounds dominant over all the Taghkonian chain. Some innovator, with no sense of the fitness of things, has re-christened this monarch of the hills "Mount Everett;" but his audacity has been deservedly ignored, and both old inhabitants, and passing admirers like myself, retain the older and more fitting title.

All the summer tourists, the pedestrians who tramp through the hills with staff and knapsack, and all the visitors who linger out the summer, go first to the Dome, as the grand feature of this little corner of the Bay State; but of the hundreds who come and go, from June to October, only two parties have had enough of the spirit of adventure to lead them from the regular and long-trodden route. But these, having found a rival to the glories of the Dome, deserve the future emulation of all those Berkshire tourists who have hitherto, most unaccountably, passed by the grandest and most varied of all the mountain view.

Across the southern horizon lies a long low slope, green and smooth, in a hollow of which, we see the sun-set, and the rising of the evening star—and that is Alandor, or, as the maps of Berkshire county further sets it forth, the "Elk Mountain." There is nothing imposing in its gradual, gentle swell, and the rolling country between hides its full altitude. But long and toilsome is the foot-track that leads to its wooded sides, and wearily steep the pathless ascent, through unbroken thickets of oak and laurel, without track or way-mark.

A week ago we gathered our forces on Mrs Spurr's piazza, and started, like a new fairy tale, to seek our fortunes on that wonderful mountain where we had so few predecessors. We formed a picturesque party, in the graceful mountain dresses

with the broad shady hats, and the tall staffs indispensable in these wild rambles; and our two gallant guides, in the *grand tenue* which Mount Washington etiquette demands,—the exaggerated boots, the flannel shirts and broad belts, hatchets and staffs,—looked every inch mountaineers, graceful, and tall, and strong. They led the way, with the beloved cherry-wood pipes sending blue clouds of incense up into the morning, and we followed over level road and stony path, and over the wet mossy stepping-stones, few and far between, of swift brawling streams that seemed incessantly to cross and re-cross our path; and Fido came bounding after—Fido the irrepressible, the ubiquitous—the appendage of every party of pleasure-seekers, or solitary rambler, who follows these lonely roads.

To tell all the beauties of that walk, all the adventures, and mishaps, and the delightful dangers, would be endless endeavor. All the toil, and heat, and weariness of the long steep way that rose before us, whose invisible goal seemed receding, as we pushed on more desperately, higher and higher still, through thicket and laurel brake; the climbing and clinging, the treacherous footing of wet leaf mould, and the loose crumbling bank,—the panting pauses and wearied rests—they are too charming for anything but a memory. There were cliffs, rough with crisp black lichen and crumbling, silvery moss, where the great rocky skeleton of the mountain had pushed through the soil, and the thick fallen leaves of many an autumn; and there, gray, steep, and rugged, must be scaled, with a balance and quickness of eye and foot, acute as a chamois. Then came broad plateaus, to rest on, and catch a foretaste of the upper world, in fragmentary glimpses of rolling country and distant, cloudlike hills. And at last we came into the region of the winds, and felt their first cold, steady rush, as we looked away and saw the world around us and below us; and there on the highest point, on the broad, breezy, lonely summit of Alandor, we found all fair Berkshire lying at our feet.

It is a long, narrow ridge, with a steep descent on either hand; a ridge of bare rock, and dry brown moss, and thin grass, such as finds its way in cold, unsheltered places; and in one sharp angle of the rocks, we found a single flower—a poor little stunted scarlet lily, sun-bleached to a pale salmon tint, and nipped and worried, and slanted by the wind. On the left hand, the hills spread close around us, all wild and green, and lonely, wave upon wave of dark billowy peaks, some level with Alandor, some rising higher against the sky. No road winds its white ribbonlike length among these hills; they are all darkly and densely wooded; a wide, wild, lonely wilderness of pathless forest, where no human foot has left a track. The wind that blows across these airy summits in a strong incessant gale, sweeps through the miles of forest with a sound like the thunder of the sea, or the deepest swell of a vast organ. And there is no other sound, and no stir of any life; the first silence of Creation seems still unbroken in the solitude.

But we turn to the western slope, and there lies the broad, sunny, level map of plain and valley; cleared fields all mellow with the golden harvest, and white clustered villages, in which, miles below us, the busy life wears on, though to us they lie so silent under the blazing noonday. Giving back the deep blue of the sky, twelve lakes lie flashing in the sun, like gems dropped carelessly and lost among the sunny fields, the brown patches freshly

ploughed, and the green meadows, and orchards and dark groves that cover the broad plain below us. And far away, melting their grey tints into the pale horizon, stretch the spectral chain of cloud-mountains,—the Catskills, so distinct in this clear atmosphere, that we can trace the broken lights and shadows on their dim blue range.

We can fancy the restless life and motion going on below us, in the track so old and worn; but up in this region of cloud and wind, there is no sound or stir, not even the whirr of a locust, or a grasshopper among the moss. There is no life but the wind, no shadow save of a white floating cloud. In the utter silence and solitude—this loneliness that day after day, year after year, preserves its spell unbroken by voice or sound; in this complete abstraction from all the world that lies so far removed, there is a rest most pure and perfect, a rest of the body and the soul alike. Lying on the brown mossy earth, on the heart of the old Alma Mater who will find me a closer embrace some day, and a sleep with no sweet dreams like this, all the cares of the world seem to have fallen away, and to lie as low as the broad plain below me. There is nothing now in heaven or earth, but the quiet of this place. In all the years of my short life, it has known no change from this pure unbroken solitude; in all the summers past when I was far away, dreaming of no such spot as this under the blue heavens; while all the strange new troubles and strifes and passions of the world were fighting at my childish heart, and my old hopes and loves were slipping, with the old childhood, away from the heart that almost broke with the wild strain to hold them closer—this place was still as sweet and lonely in the summer sunshine, and the cool cloud-shadows swept as softly down its trackless sides, where no human voice had come to give the winds a sadder tone. In all the weary winters, in all the storms, the white snow lay unsullied on this long bare peak, and the storm winds held their lonely carnival; and held the silence still unbroken. And still calm and peaceful, unchanged through all the weary changes of my life, this one place was silent under the sky, waiting for me to come at last, and feel the spell of its calm solitude, and lay my head upon the cool moss, my heart upon the heart of the kind earth that gives me such sweet rest. And I wonder if ever I shall lie here again, through the bright breezy summer day, and watch such white cloud-fleets sail above me, and listen to that grand music of the wind. I wonder what new cares I shall carry to this windy peak again, to forget when I lie down in the sunshine on its top!

But the rain is dripping from the eaves, and the clouds lie low upon Alandor, this dreary day of storms. I am not dreaming in the sunshine on those grey rocks, but writing in my tiny room, of the memories of that bright day. Of the hours that we lay on the cool windy height, and heard the moaning of the forest-sea below us; of the calm and sunshine and beauty that wrapped us around, and transfigured the world and our dreams. The beauty and glory of the day stretched past the setting of the sun; and seeing its glory go down over the dark hills and the fields, on our winding homeward road, we carried into the twilight and the starlight, the peace and purity of the hours it had shone on.

The rain has ceased upon the hills, and the drops that patter from the brown eaves are lighted into diamonds by a burst of sunshine. I lay down my pen, and lean far out from the low window, for the clouds are breaking into blue, and over the dark

est, densest pile, the rainbow flings out its shining bridge from the green earth to heaven.

MINETTA.

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

Away in the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, the air is thundering and the earth is rent by a cataract as imposing as Niagara. Situate on the sagebrush plains, which calmly sleep between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade range, and are alike untenanted by Ceres or the god of gold, the great savage scenery and power sublime stands unrivalled in America. These falls of the Snake or Lewis Fork of the Columbia have been but a couple of years discovered, and have been seen as yet by scarce as many scores of white men. This majestic masterpiece of nature's engineering lies a few miles off from the overland stage route running northwesterly between Salt Lake and Boise cities, and half way, or about 200 miles from those said capitals of Idaho and Utah. North of it, and distant 50 miles, though seeming closely near, the Salmon River Mountains show their shining peaks, gray with the care of countless ages. East and west of it, as far as the eye can see it, the sage-brush prairie loads the desert air with its wild perfume. Southerly the great Salt Lake, 100 miles away, is hidden by the Goose Creek Mountains.

The river, about 200 yards in width, coming slowly from the southeast, overtowered by perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, over 800 feet high, suddenly expands into a basin of twice its width, and there is divided into a half dozen streams by dark-looking rocks, which raise their gloomy crests above the sparkling surf of their maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different shape, seeming fanciful and fluctuating, yet physically fixed, as they have ever been, while centuries, like shadows, have flown over them. The river resuming its course, is again divided, and takes a second tumble of sixty feet still further, but this time by only three different streams. Three falls are the result; one on each side, unbroken and falling in solid sheets, the central one being formed by seven fan-shaped steppes of rock. From the one of these benches to the other underneath the water falls in a smooth, transparent sheet, forming a cascade unsurpassed in the world, and contrasting strangely, by its dark, transparent color, with the rustling, roaring, foaming streams surrounding it, both above and of the sides. The river becomes once more smooth and dark in color. Its banks suddenly jut out from both sides, narrowing the channel to 400 feet; and through this gap the confined mass of water precipitates in one whole volume, without break or hindrance, into an ominous abyss, almost 300 feet in depth. No pen can describe this scene. This is in reality the "Great Fall," and is well worthy of its name, leaping, as it does, from the loom of nature like a colossal sheet of silver.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, its central waters appear blue until they meet the spray that rises ever heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam, and remind one of the pictured avalanches in the Alps. Right on the edge of the fall stands a lone pillar of gray sandstone, on whose summit, undisturbed by the whiz of waters, or the fear of fate fast yawning on their ærie, a pair of bald-headed eagles have built their nest, and are now resting their young secure in sight of the sublimity and solitude surrounding. The cataract's sound—but slightly heard above—is absolutely deafening as you reach the river's base, the roar of the falls, confined as it is by the high walls of the canyon, rushing down the chasm and increasing in volume as it rolls, so as to be heard

full thirty miles southwest. Close to the cataract is a square-shaped cave, of fifteen feet each side and twenty feet high, whose walls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is surpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's causeway. Sliding out of this cave and falling about eight feet on a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the mist, and wet through in an instant. It is here that, by looking up, the enormous altitude of the falls can be realized, and the first feeling is one of self-preservation, and involuntary drawing back, for the whole mass seems ready to drop and crush you where you stand. Never can the weird beauty of this scene be forgotten by beholders. Rainbows of a thousand hues seem to surround you, and there rises to arch you in the skies.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background to the magic prisms pictured by the spray. The dark, frowning rocks, relieved by the bright green junipers, making a fitting frame for this magnificent sight, second to none in point of volume as it is second to none in savage grandeur. As measured by officers of the First Oregon Infantry, encamped adjoining, the main fall is 210 feet from the edge of the edge of the level of the water below. The upper falls have not yet been measured, but the total fall of the river, on the three distinct tumbles it takes, cannot be less than 300 feet, while the river itself is over 4000 feet at its narrowest width. The channel of the stream below the falls is a chasm 1500 in width and 100 in depth, with perpendicular walls of rock enclosing it.

THE TENOR AND THE CUIRASSIERS.—The late war in Germany has not been without danger to peaceable artists. The tenor Niemann nearly got into an awkward scrape, lately, at Kissingen, where, finding a number of Bavarian cuirassiers on their way through the watering-place, he was ill-advised enough to ask one or two soldiers what was the meaning of certain movements among the troops. Nothing more was required to place him under suspicion as a spy; and it took all the exertions of some friendly gendarmes to save him from being shot. Niemann had to make off rapidly from Kissingen without having satisfied his military curiosity. A similar incident happened to the pianist Schulhoff, who, happening to go to Carlsbad to see his mother, was stopped at the frontier through an irregularity in his passport. Of course he must be a spy, and was conducted for examination to headquarters, which happened to be the first hotel in the town. Luckily there was a piano in the room; so in default of better arguments as to his identity, Schulhoff sat down and played his "Impromptu Hongrois." The Herr Commandant twisted his moustaches and pronounced himself satisfied, and the rest of the Prussian officers applauded. Schulhoff accordingly was allowed to proceed in peace. Moral: never travel in a hostile territory unless you are well up in the "Impromptu Hongrois."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Le Menestrel, contemplating the speedy production of "Lohengrin" at Le Lyrique, reprints a searching review of it by A. De Gasperi, a contributor for that journal. It also gives a particular list of parties upon whom promotions in La Legion d'Honneur were conferred by recent imperial decrees. Charles Gounod—Faust—Van Cleemputte, a distinguished architect, and Giraud, a celebrated painter, Achard, classed as "literary," were made officers, and twenty other notables in various professions were made chevaliers in that

order, whose decorations are panted for by all Frenchmen.

The synod of the authors, composers, and musical editors' association is organized for 1866-'67, by choice of M. M. A. Thys for President, with a brilliant list of co-directors. Its receipts for 1865-'66 were 246,209 francs—an increase of 45,433 francs over 1864-'65.

The musical institute at Convent de Notre Dame-des-arts loomed up recently into a National Institute, by Louis Napoleon's potent decree, after exhibiting the great proficiency of its girl pupils.

Parmi, who indited *l'ages intimes*, and is a distinguished professor at the Bonaparte Lyceum, was, on August 15th, properly decorated by Imperial decree, which thus ratified L'Academie's coronation of that charming work.

Edmund d'Ingrande, chapel master at St. Leu Church, had a performance of his new mass, written for three male voices, in that church on September 2d.

Marie de Weber's second mass had performance, on August 15th, in St. Roch Cathedral, and Haydn's Imperial Mass was done on St. Roch day in that edifice.

Le Menestrel considers the taste for good music to be rapidly spreading over provincial France, and quotes a concert in Argentan, by M. E. Lonlay, in which Mlle. Clauss, a female violinist, had great success.

Salvator Daniel, who once directed the Pompeian concerts in Paris, but now supervises the Algerian Orpheons, received from Louis Napoleon recently a gold medal.

The Pre Catelan, des Champs Elysees and Jardin Mabille concerts are represented by Persian journals to be flourishing immensely.

One prominent candidate for Romeo's part in Gounod's new opera, "Romeo and Juliet," was not long since a pupil in le Conservatoire under Revia's instruction. His name is Jaulain, and *Le Menestrel* evidently affects him. The role of Romeo, as scored by Gounod, is described as very difficult for a tenor, as he must evince not only high vocal talent, but histrionic also, united with youth, grace, and free command of sentiment and emotion.

Rouget de Lisle's claims upon *La Marseillaise* have been frequently controverted by musicians and critics; but J. B. Wekerlin, of *Le Menestrel*, is scored by that journal for doubting his merit as composer of national or patriotic songs, in a long article, which minutely recapitulates all the effusions got off by said De Lisle, signed by A. Rouget De Lisle, who is probably a near relative of the De Lisle so famous in respect to *La Marseillaise*. He adduces facts and dates of publication sufficient to overwhelm, if not convince, Mons. Wekerlin, and the admission of his lengthy epistle, without comment, in *Le Menestrel*, indicates a yielding of judgment by its critic.

Parisian gossip runs strong and favorable to Carlotta Patti's concert performance at Boulogne sur mer, and even severe critics pleasantly chime in with the general chorus of praise for her vocal exploits there in a long campaign. Some *on dits* go further in her exaltation, and confidently assert that Dumas will soon complete a libretto for a grand opera, in which the celebrated Mlle. Valliere will figure as the heroine, and Carlotta Patti represent her at L'Academie. Mlle. Valliere's slight limp will excuse Carlotta Patti's imperfect substitute for a distorted limb and lack of free stage movement in that character.

Le Menestrel describes the crush of people eager to see and hear "L'Africaine" on the free day, August 13th, as fearful, but those who succeeded in squeezing into "L'Academie" were satisfied with the cost of that luxury in the performance. Fournier and Wekerlin's cantata performed on that occasion with Mme Gueymard and Caron as principals and good choral aids received enthusiastic applause, being well written and developing sen-